

# KENTUCKY IRISH AMERICAN.

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## LAND COURTS

**Should Be Moved by Land League Methods, Says William O'Brien.**

**First Step to Abolish Landlordism Is to Abolish the Land Grabber.**

**People of Roscommon Organize to Regain Possession and Control of the Land.**

**GREAT LEAGUE MEETING AT DROMIN.**

A large and imposing public meeting was held at Dromin, County Roscommon, the scene of a recent eviction and of police prosecutions. The object of the meeting was to start a branch of the United Irish League and to give such other help as might be found necessary to the evicted tenant, Miss Conroy, with whom lived her sister, Mrs. Beggs, a widow with a large family. Since the eviction the tenant has re-entered into possession of the house, and at the last petty sessions on Wednesday in Elphin she was prosecuted for trespass by the new tenant, a policeman named Egan, whose family holds land in the neighborhood, but the cases were dismissed. At the same sessions a young man, Mr. Michael MacEgan, was prosecuted on a charge of intimidation in connection with the eviction and the taking of the land. These events, including the imprisonment of young MacEgan in default of giving bail, have caused a good deal of excitement in the district.

The meeting was of a most enthusiastic character. All sections of Nationalists worked in perfect harmony, and the speeches advocating unity from all the speakers were received with specially emphatic cheering.

On motion of Mr. John Lavin, Elphin, the chair was taken by Mr. John Doyle, Elphin. The chairman said they were sorry to have met under such circumstances that day, but as they were all united together in putting down an unjust cause no matter what their principles might be otherwise, on this occasion, and wherever there was necessity for it, every man pledged himself to hold true to the principle of not taking evicted farms and having nothing to do with people who did take them. The man that took an evicted farm should not be recognized by his neighbors, but should be shunned. The reason they had met was to devise means to prevent such an iniquity in this county. It was not possible to live in the county if such things were allowed to be carried on. The Commandments said they should not covet their neighbor's goods. He advised them to put down land grabbing by every legal means in their power.

Mr. Feehily, Dromin, proposed the following resolutions:

"That we hereby condemn in the strongest possible manner the nefarious system of land-grabbing which has at all times inflicted countless miseries on the Irish people; and we hereby pledge ourselves to use all legitimate influence to wipe out the disgrace of that really national curse."

"That, for the better protection of our people against the landlord cruelty, and his disgraceful ally, the grabber, we hereby determine to establish a branch of the United Irish League in this parish, and thereby assert the rights of our countrymen to possess the soil that bore them."

The resolutions were put to the meeting and were passed with acclamation. Mr. William O'Brien, who was received with cheers, which lasted for several minutes, accompanied by waving of hats and handkerchiefs, in the course of his speech said:

Undoubtedly, from the National point of view, grabbing is an actual blessing in disguise if it should be the means of bringing side by side together men who fought grabber and fought evictor shoulder to shoulder on many a day and many a night in happier times for Ireland. It is to me nothing short of a delight to find myself once more on the platform beside men like Mr. John Fitzgibbon, of Castlereagh, and like Mr. Hayden, the member for South Roscommon. Mr. Fitzgibbon has just said to you that a time there was when a grabber would no more dare to raise his head in Roscommon than the anaconda serpent would dare to raise his head in the land of St. Patrick. These were the days when we were all united Irishmen, when John Hayden and myself were comrades in Tullamore prison, and when Mr. Fitzgibbon and myself met together in many a fray here in Roscommon, and I am bound to say that a stouter or a more loyal comrade I never cared to have in the thick of a fight. Well, please God, it won't be Mr. Fitzgibbon's fault, and it won't be Mr. Hayden's fault, if we don't today convince the grabbers that Irishmen can be united Irishmen still. This movement is growing and widening in a way that its sanguine promoters never did expect. It began by proposing to save this province from famine—it is going on to save this county from grabbers, and, please God, it will never end until it has rid the country of grabberism and landlordism and of all the dissensions and disorganizations that have been preying on the Irish cause for the last eight years.

Now, I want you to understand that no man, no section and no party must ever be allowed to promote this move-

ment of ours for any personal or sectional purposes. There is not the slightest fear of that. Any of us who go about making speeches may just as well be talking to the wind only that the necessity for a great and united organization is beginning to sink into the depths of the hearts of the people through the country. It is literally the fact that not a single branch of the United Irish League, not a single branch of the organization has yet been formed by organization from outside until the people had first risen up and taken the matter into their own hands and clamored to be organized. For instance, I need not tell you that I did not know a single soul in this parish where we are assembled until today. What I did know was that the parish of Elphin was so opposed to, and I am quite sure honestly opposed to, my particular views upon past questions—so opposed that I believe that at the general elections of 1892 and 1895 none of our candidates ever dreamed of putting their feet within the parish of Elphin. I came here today not knowing, and not caring, whether I would meet any persons of my own particular views in these matters, but I came here perfectly certain that whether I met Parnellites or anti-Parnellites, I would find you all animated by one desire above all others, and that is that the differences among honest Irish Nationalists in the past should be buried a thousand leagues under the sea, and that the man will be here as elsewhere most welcome who will work hardest to bring all classes of Irish Nationalists together again into the fighting line for Ireland against the landlord and the grabber, and against the Saxon.

I hope that before you separate today you will band yourselves together into a united organization. Now, if ever there was a time when we had a good deal to fight for it is at the present moment. In a short speech I would not hope even to glance at all the work that the united organization of the people would have before it. This I say, that never was there a time in this century when the Irish people would enter upon a struggle against England with a more absolute certainty of winning that ever man had before in this century if we are only capable of showing a tithe of the courage of the self-sacrifice which the men of 1798 expended in a losing battle. Only think what this organization has been able to do without leaders or organizers or funds. It is simply that necessity is our organizer. The prices of cattle at every fair are our organizers. The judicial rack-renters are our organizers. The gentleman who sent young MacEgan to Sligo jail on Wednesday is a first-rate organizer. Why is it that the Land Courts are making ducks and drakes of the Land Acts? Why is it that the landlords are keeping a pretty tight upper lip, so to say? It is because they know that they can get grabbers. As our chairman has said to you, in a country like Ireland it is as necessary to chain up the grabber as it would be to chain up a raving lunatic. It is as necessary to put him in quarantine, as our chairman said, as if he were attacked by a malignant fever—for recollect the grabber is not in honest competition with the Irish farmer. The first step toward the abolition of landlordism is to abolish the grabber. Once you make it clear that a man will no more touch his poor neighbor's holding than he would stab his poor neighbor in the heart, you have once more the whole Irish question at your disposal, you will have no longer any competitor in the Land Courts, and you will be in a position to compel Judge Ross to sell an estate in the open market, even if he had to commit a couple of hundred of the tenants to prison for combining not to pay his receiver a stiver until he honestly put the fortieth section of the act of 1896 in force.

And so you would go on until you would have the landlords imploring the Government to give them their money and let them go their way. Your first cry ought to be "Down with the grabber." You ought not to be content with crying it—you ought to do it. You ought to put down the grabber by the good old methods which were practiced in the County Mayo. Why is it that every farmer in Ireland at the present moment is sighing for unity and is feeling the want of organization? Why are the landlord journals, with a view to the November rents, singing a regular song of triumph over the fact that the potatoes and the oats are not a failure this year? Why, every one who knows the farmer and who knows the state of the country, knows the farmers of Ireland were never in lower water since the Land League sprang into existence than they are this very year. One of the most decided Parnellites remarked to me the other day that the farmers of Ireland are no doubt more independent before the law, but are poorer in their pockets than before Mr. Gladstone passed the Land Act, owing to the tremendous growth of foreign competition. I saw it stated the other day that those farmers of the North of Ireland, who turn up the whites of their eyes at the wickedness of us mere Land Leaguers, and who are always the first to rush in to grab everything that we win for them—these gentlemen are proposing to raise a collection to have the case of Adams and Dunsath argued out over again before another court of lawyers. Pretty way this of settling the land question! They might just as well propose to bring the moon down out of the sky by slaying a fee of six and eight pence at it. No, the North never do anything practical on the land question, except whatever mischief they do by abusing the men fighting their battles for them. Give me the men of the West and South to move the land courts, not by lawyers' fees, but by the good old Land League methods. I tell you, whether the farmers of Ireland like

it or not, if they are to keep their heads at all above water, the time is come when you will again have to reduce this land question to such a condition of resistance, and of turbulence if you like, that the landlords will jump at any great measure of compulsory purchase that will make every farmer of Ireland the master within the bound's ditch of his own holding, and that will at the same time sweep away the last barrier from the landlords' resistance to home rule.

But even if we could make the farmers the owners of their own holdings it would be of no avail in cases where the farmers' holdings are so small and so poor that it would be impossible to earn a decent living out of them. There are fully 50,000 tenants in the province whose holdings would have to be doubled and trebled in size before they could hope to earn a decent subsistence on the land of their fathers. Every four or five years the potatoes fail, and these 50,000 peasant families are depending for bread on the humiliating and degrading charity of the stranger. This poverty is not God's work. It is the devil's work. There are still living, I dare say, in this very crowd, persons who can remember when the plains of Boyle were peopled by a great and industrious tenantry, who were after banished to the Curlew mountains. Well, the time has come when, if men, we are to stop the hand of famine in the West, the people will have to come down again from the Curlew mountains. The glorious plain that expands for twenty or thirty miles through Roscommon will have to be split up into farms of twenty or thirty acres. That will save the people from the shame of going about the world as mendicants for strangers' charity. And remember that this is not a day-dream to me. On the contrary, it will be a reality the moment that the whole people of Connaught imitate the people of Mayo, and say that they will stand no more pottering with this question of famine in the West. The Congested Districts Board, by a resolution which can never be expunged, have confessed that ours is the only remedy for the congested districts. Let us bring things to such a pass that the landlords will be just as eager for compulsory purchase as we are. Let us prove that in the County Councils the people will not only be able to do the business better than ever the grand juries did it, but that by and by they will be federated into a national Parliament of the people, whose business it will be to demand the right to compulsory purchase and the control of the police just as the law gives to the County Councils of England at present. Above all, let us show our ranks as Irish Nationalists. Let nothing tempt us to renew old scores or to refuse the helping hand of any Irishman, and let us demand of all sides some patience under provocation. If this league that you are establishing here today should do nothing else except to help in any degree to heal up that most calamitous wound, one of the most calamitous that ever was inflicted upon the Irish cause, I say to you that result alone will be something that will be worth having labored for, and that will have glories enough most ample to reward every man who has hand, act or part in the good work.

## THOMAS H. MURRAY

**Will Visit Louisville in the Interest of the American-Irish Historical Society.**

Mr. Thomas Hamilton Murray, of Boston, Mass., Secretary General of the American-Irish Historical Society, is coming to Louisville. Mr. Murray is a distinguished Irish American. He has had large experience as a newspaper editor and lecturer in the New England States. He will remain here about a week. The society of which he is the secretary has already accomplished a great work in showing the part the Irish took in the early settlement of this country. Among the members are such distinguished Irishmen as James Jefferey Roche, editor of the Pilot; Maurice F. Egan, Francis Higgins, Thomas J. Gargan, Robert Ellis Thompson, Augustus St. Gaudens, Morgan J. O'Brien, Rev. Dr. Butts and many hundreds of others. While in Louisville Mr. Murray will probably be asked to deliver a lecture before the Irish American Society. He will remain in Kentucky about ten days collecting material and getting members for the society. Kentucky ought to have a large membership in this organization. Its early settlement was made largely by Irish or men of Irish descent.

The visit of Mr. Murray will be hailed with pleasure by Irishmen in Louisville and throughout the State. The exact date of his coming will be announced next week. We are sure if he lectures here he will draw a large crowd.

## LOST BOTH OF 'EM.

The boy had enlisted in the army—had slipped away from home and "joined the regiment," and the old couple worried over it until the mother decided that the old man must go after him and bring him home.

After weary journeys the old man reached the camp and saw his boy on dress parade, and heard the band play "Dixie," as of old, and he got enthused and hurried louder than any one else, and patted his boy on the shoulder, and telegraphed home:

"Maria! The darn thing looks so much like old times that I think I'll jine her myself! Send me my old rifle an' canteen by express. Hooroar! All well."

The Kentucky Irish American is cheap at \$1 per year.

## AT THE FRONT.

**Rev. Patrick B. Murphy Tells His Experiences Before Santiago.**

**As Chaplain of the Ninth Massachusetts He Was of Great Assistance.**

**Untiring in His Efforts, He Secured Hundreds of Wounded Soldiers.**

**RECIPIENT OF A BEAUTIFUL MEDAL.**

Friends of Chaplain Patrick Bowen Murphy, of the Ninth Massachusetts, United States Volunteers, banqueted him at the Thorndike Hotel, Boston, September 27, and presented him a beautiful gold medal, commemorative of the Spanish war.

The medal is a fine specimen of the engraver's art. On the face of it is a raised figure of a rustic altar, surmounted by the coat of arms of Massachusetts and the national colors.

On the reverse side is a representation of a priest bending over a dying soldier, administering the last sacraments, with the following inscription:

"Presented Rev. P. B. Murphy by his friends at a banquet given in his honor, Boston, Mass., September 27, 1898."

Father Murphy was greeted with applause, and told his story in a plain, straightforward way as follows:

"The Ninth Regiment landed in Cuba on Friday, July 1, after sunset. On that day the battle of San Juan was fought. I was the first to land, and, knowing that many would want a final private word of cheer, selected a convenient pile of railroad sleepers, quite near an unused railroad track, to hear such confessions as might come."

"Nor did I have to tarry long before I began. In a short time a long line of silent men was in place, each patiently, or, perhaps, impatiently, waiting for his turn. It was so long a line, in fact, that before the end was reached our regiment had proceeded on its midnight march, and the end or left of the line had quite disappeared ere the last man was heard."

"Let's find Col. Logan," said the last man to me, "then join my party, and we will start at 3, in the cool of the morning, and perhaps overtake the boys."

"We found the Colonel and procured quarters for the night in an old shack only a short distance away. The Colonel complained of the cold, of having in the darkness of the night lost his orderly, of the long and weary march for the boys, but never closed an eye."

"It was only 3 o'clock in the morning when my friend, whom I must call the last man, came to where we were and said: 'Come, all aboard, chaplain; if you propose joining our party, come along.' 'At 3:40 that Saturday morning, July 2, our little party was on its way to the front."

"Before 9 o'clock we arrived at Shafter's headquarters, thanks to our very early start. From here could be heard the shot and shell and the general fusillade taking place at the front. The war correspondents who accompanied me went to the press tent a little to the rear of Shafter's, our linguistic friend Dowley reported to the General, while I stepped into the general hospital just across the opening, and in less time than it takes to tell it, one of the stewards offered to care for my haversack, and at the same time remarking, 'Father, that man over there wants you.'"

"That poor man did want me, and what I did for him I did for scores of others, both those inside the large tents, those poor wounded men in the small or quarter tents, and those who were exposed, lying under the trees all around. I was pleased to find Major King, first surgeon of the Thirty-fourth Michigan Volunteers, was in charge, and as I entered in the morning was performing his third operation that day."

"More than 400 wounded soldiers, many of them Catholics, and I was the only priest at that hospital."

"Nor was all the work accomplished there on this Saturday, for a very fair amount of work was performed by me there the following day. About this time I had the pleasure of meeting Father Fitzgerald, post chaplain of the Twenty-second Regulars, who informed me that he had lost, through no fault of his, all his altar outfit, even his holy oils, ritual and stole. I will not soon forget his joy on learning that I could accommodate him with a set of holy oils, ritual and stole, as I had a duplicate set. We agreed that, as we were sending the greater part of the wounded to the new hospital at Siboney, I should go there, and he would look after the general hospital here."

"Then, in company with a Boston reporter and Bennett, of the Chicago Journal, who sketched our tramp, and which appears in the Pilot of September 5, we arrived back at Siboney, ten miles distant, footsore and weary, in due time. Hundreds of wounded, placed in great heavy army mule wagons—hard vehicles to ride in even for a well man, as they had no springs and the roads were frightful—passed us on the way."

"The day after my return to Siboney, July 3, there were less than 100 in the hospital. But every day brought more,

and before the end of the week there were more than 400 patients, and three hospitals.

"Hundreds were arriving at these hospitals, and in less than a week more than 500 wounded men were under cover, but not one single cot or bed, even for the extreme cases. Stretched along the ground, in some cases without a blanket over them or even under them, great immense giant tents, all radiating from one common center, one would wonder where all the wounded came from. Perhaps those without priestly practice can say, 'Oh, there was nothing to do there for a priest!'"

"Finally the deportation of the poor wounded men commenced. I was requested, in the presence of Col. Bogan, a field officer, and of the Sergeant, who was acting as orderly to the Colonel, 'to look after this end' of the transfer of the wounded. With no wharf and high breakers, it was a difficult task; and not a single wounded soldier that left that shore for the States, whether on a litter or otherwise, that I did not with my own hands touch and guide, help and assist by word or by act, until the advent of the only respectable hospital ship we saw while there—the United States hospital ship Relief."

## ENJOYABLE REPEAT

**Served to the Members of the Last Rose of Summer Club.**

A most enjoyable repeat was tendered the members of the "Last Rose of Summer Club," last Tuesday evening, by Rev. Father York, pastor of St. Paul's church, on South Jackson street. This good Father is very grateful to the young artists, this repeat being one of his many favors.

After the repeat was over many selections were rendered. The following are a few: Mr. John McCrooklin sang the negro songs "I Want My Lulu," and "Take Your Clothes Back Home." Mr. McCrooklin is one of St. Paul's leading singers. He was accompanied by the organist, Miss Mary Zoll.

Miss Josephine Hoertz, the leading soprano of St. Magdalen's church, rendered a very effective solo, entitled "Calvary." Miss Hoertz has a very musical voice, being one of those classed among the leaders of the State. Mr. Joseph E. Hill, the "Boy Elocutionist," rendered one of his favorite selections, which was well received by the delighted audience. During the course of the evening it was decided that the next play should be "The Confederate Spy."

Those present were: Rev. Fathers York, O'Reilly and Hart; Misses Josephine, Mary and Maggie Hoertz, Clara Volz, Lena Tuttle, Mary Zoll and Miss Edmonds; Messrs. Reilly Ford, William Corrigan, John McCrooklin, Joseph E. Hill, Albert Ford, Dan Cronan, George Gobel.

## ST. BRIGID'S FAIR.

The fair for the benefit of St. Brigid's church has been well attended, and will be continued next week. The instrumental and vocal music by members of the church choir of the city have proven an enjoyable feature. The programme for next week:

Monday night, October 17—Musical Director, Prof. James Perry, Organist of St. Patrick's church. Assistant artists: Miss Angela Perry, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Flynn.

Tuesday night, October 18—Musical Director, Miss Maggie Gorman. Organist of St. Charles Borromeo's church. Assistant artists: Miss B. Mulroney, Miss M. Holland, Miss Monahan, Messrs. Raffo and Becker.

Wednesday night, October 19—Musical Director, Miss Jennie Giles, Organist of St. Michael's church. Assistant artists: Mrs. M. Gleeson, Mrs. R. McGuire, Miss E. Shea, Miss Adelberg, Miss G. Cerasola, Miss M. Twomey, Miss M. Quill, Miss M. McEllott, Messrs. Frank Zauner, E. Cooney, Mr. Bundschu.

Thursday night, October 20—Musical Director, Miss Julia Gleeson, organist of Cathedral (9 o'clock Mass.). Assistant artists: Misses A. Zoeller, M. Gathof, E. Anthony, A. Gerardi, Messrs. A. E. Kamson, J. F. Hubbush, James Bigley.

No admission fee will be charged. Everybody welcome!

## AQUINAS UNION ENTERTAINMENT.

The Aquinas Union will give a dramatic entertainment at Macaulay's Theater, Thursday evening, November 3. The entertainment will open with a one-act farce, entitled "Turn Him Out," followed by a drama in two acts. The cast is taken from members of the union and is comprised as follows: Messrs. Richard Edelen, John Crotty, David Burke, John McDermott and William McDonough and Misses Nora Ahearn, Belle O'Brien, Rose Cunningham, and last but not least Katie Lannin and Mamie Keefe, whose ability in this line is well known. From all reports of those who have witnessed the rehearsals those who attend this entertainment may be assured of a pleasant evening.

## SISTERS THANKED.

DENTONVILLE, Kans., Sept. 17, 1898.—I feel it my duty to hereby publicly extend my thanks and express at the same time my surprise and wonder at the institution conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic—to whom I feel I owe my life—and known as St. Catherine's Hospital. To the people of Brooklyn I presume the sisters, their good work and their institution are no surprise; but to me and to scores of my comrades, distant

from our own homes hundreds of miles, the unremitting care and attention by day and by night after the horrors of Santiago and camp life, was a tonic, a stimulant which, if administered to us by our own Government would have been instrumental in saving the lives of hundreds of soldiers, who failed not when the call to arms was sounded. To the medical staff of St. Catherine's Hospital we extend our most sincere thanks, and can say without reserve that any body of medical knowledge who can get over one hundred and fifty fever-ridden soldiers on their feet in ten days must necessarily be of a plane of ability not to be met with in many hospitals.

HERMAN SCHRADER, Twentieth United States Infantry, Company B.

## FROM A SOLDIER BOY.

**Edward Keenan, of the Legion, Writes of His Trip and Experiences.**

Edward Keenan, of Company K, First Kentucky Volunteers, a brother of John Keenan, of the Galt House, writes to his sister, Mrs. John Shelley, of 819 Sixth street, as follows, his letter bearing date of September 1, Porto Rico:

"It may be possible that we will get home in about two months; that is, if they don't put us on garrison duty, as they are talking about doing. We are now at Ponce, Porto Rico, and I tell you we have had a hard time of it. We left Newport News August 8, and were on the sea thirteen days before we landed at Ponce. When we got here they gave us orders to go to Mayaguez and bombard the town. We had three battleships with us. We got to Mayaguez the next morning, and just as soon as the Spaniards saw us they floated a white flag. All we had to do then was to get off the ships and hoist the stars and stripes in the town."

"The Spaniards took to the woods, and we were hard after them in a minute. We captured about six hundred of them. After putting guards over them we laid down to sleep in their armory. We got about 500 guns and fully that many suits of soldier clothes. They just left everything. We hoisted the American flag in five of the Porto Rico towns, and then it came our turn to see hard times. We started in a forty-mile march over the hills, through rivers and mud up to the waist. Many nights we had to sleep in the rain and the mud. We crossed four rivers by fording, as they don't seem to know what bridges are out here. The current in one place was so swift and the water was so deep that one could hardly keep on his feet, one of our men being drowned. His body was found about ten miles down stream. We were wet through and through for five days without any rest. From the exposure endured on this trip three of our boys are sick, and we are expecting them to die at any time. We lost all our blankets and had to sleep on the wet grass. But we cleaned out all the Spaniards, and we are now back at Ponce. They say that after a six days' rest we will leave on another long march."

"There are no railroads here, and to add to the discomforts of marching, the hills are 400 to 500 feet high. All the boys have got enough, and we all wish we were back home. I think we will get some bounty money when we are mustered out. As I write this letter it is 1:30 in the shade, and this, though the wind is blowing. In all the towns we have been in the children wear no clothes, and to hear the talk of the natives would set you crazy. When we ask for water they don't know what we mean, and we have a hard time finding out how to say 'water' in their language. They call it 'angway.' They call it 'lonk.' Most of them look as if they did not know what it was to have 'lonk' in their stomachs or 'angway' on their bodies. We expect to leave soon for San Juan."

## BUNCOING THE BOYS.

The Porto Ricans have been quick to catch on to the relic fad of the soldiers, and not a few of the boys will carry back to the States dozens of articles which they could buy for half the price at any store on Fourth street. They don't seem to realize that half the stuff in the stores here was brought straight from America, and is sold with the added duty and dealer's profit. This applies especially to jewelry and articles of that class. Watches that look at all odd and don't happen to have an American maker's stamp on them are being greedily snapped up at fancy prices, and many a girl that was left behind will be made a present of a handkerchief or piece of jewelry which could have been bought at home for half the price.

The really cheap things on the island are confined almost exclusively to native fruits and tobacco. Bananas, especially, are ridiculously low. A few days ago Col. Castleman bought for a peso and a quarter (about seventy-five cents) four immense bunches of delicious bananas, any one bunch of which at home would have cost at least \$1.50. Compare that with ice at three pesos a hundred.

A soldier was attracted by a very pretty, although plain, amber-tipped cigarette holder. He priced it, expecting it to be valued at about \$1 or \$1.50. The soldier nearly dropped dead when the clerk refused to take less than \$4. He wanted \$5 at first. Even paper is quite high. Paper, such as is used in newspaper offices for scratch paper, costs a centavo a sheet, no matter how much is bought at a time. Fine writing paper is altogether out of the question for everybody except commissioned officers above the rank of Captain.

## CAPITAL CITY.

**Everything Very Quiet in Frankfort the Past Week.**

**Even the Sensation About Captain of the Bradley Guards Explained Away.**

**Frankfort at Last Secures a Military Camp of Two Regiments.**

**A. O. H. PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.**

[SPECIAL LETTER.]

At last Frankfort has secured the long-talked-of military camp. The Ninth Massachusetts and Second Missouri will march to this city within the next few days and go into Camp Lake Park, near this city, for target practice. Frankfort merchants are jubilant over securing even a temporary camp here and an effort will be made to make the camp permanent winter quarters at least for the two regiments named.

Tuesday was a very quiet day on the "Square." The Governor and all State officials took a holiday and went to see "Buffalo Bill." No sensation of any importance has occurred during the week on the Square, and none will probably occur in the near future. The Governor reappointed the old Board of Equalization for another year. The nearest approach to a sensation that has transpired this week was the report on Wednesday that Capt. J. W. Prewitt, of Co. D, K. S. G. (Bradley Guards), had resigned his commission, in a "huff," on account of his men criticizing his refusal to take the company to camp at Pewee Valley next week. Upon investigation it developed that Capt. Prewitt resigned on account of his duties as Assistant Postmaster, to which office he was recently appointed, not admitting of his giving the company the attention it required. First Lieut. Graham was elected Captain and Sergeant Coke Second Lieutenant. The First Lieutenant was not elected.

At last it has come to pass. "Cupid's dart" has pierced the heart of Brother James Cushion, of Division No. 1, of this city. He now goes around with that far-away, dreamy look in his eyes and rarely recognizes his friends when he meets them. The happy event will come off in the spring.

At the meeting of Division No. 1, A. O. H., last Sunday, every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock was selected as time of meeting, that evening and hour being agreeable to all members.

A "Smoker" will be given Thursday evening, October 20, by Division No. 1, A. O. H., to their gentlemen friends.

The first of a series of several dances to be given by Division No. 1, A. O. H., will take place about October 25. The best of music will be secured and the price of tickets placed very low. A big crowd and a good time are assured.

Sergt. D. J. McNamara, of Lexington, spent Sunday in this city.

Brother Newman has purchased a new wheel, and every Sunday finds him "scorching" to Graefenberg, where his sweetheart resides.

Brother Sower is as sweet as ever and is as enthusiastic and hustling as before he fell in love.

Division No. 1, A. O. H., has tendered to the Young Ladies' Sodality the use of their spacious hall free of charge for a series of entertainments to be given in the near future. The Hibernian's generous offer was gladly accepted.

Attorney John Rodman, of this city, left this morning for Washington, to appear before the United States Court in the bank tax cases. He represents the Farmer's Bank here and goes to make a motion to advance the argument and submission in the cases in which he is interested. They will likely be heard early in November.

Gen. P. Wat. Hardin, of Mercer county, made a formal announcement of his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for Governor, at this place Monday afternoon. Politicians were greatly surprised, but he was induced to run only after mature deliberation and repeated requests from all over the State.

The Seventh District Republican Convention on Wednesday named J. T. Hardin, of Owen county, for Congress on a platform indorsing both the State and National Administrations and condemning the civil service. Hardin's nomination was by acclamation.

George Portwood, of Lexington, will hang for the murder of Richard Perkins. The Court of Appeals affirmed the decision of the lower court fixing his penalty at death.

## A SURE WAY.

Young Mother (at photographer's)—How provoking that the baby should fall asleep just when we want to take his picture. What shall we do? Husband—Put him in the dark room a few minutes. He'll think its midnight, and there's no danger of his sleeping then.—Tit-Bits.

## A REAL SURPRISE.

Bride (just after the wedding)—Henry, you promised to give me a surprise after we were married. What is it? Groom (a widower)—I've got six children, my pet.—Brooklyn Life.